This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

1. Ch
2. Poetry, American

NBI

Jordan

TRENCH TALES

N

TRENCH TALES

BY

CLARENCE LUMPKIN JORDAN

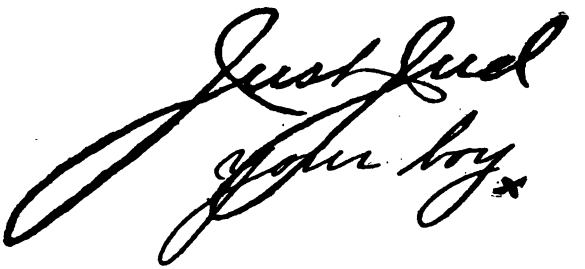
LIEUTENANT, ORDNANCE CORPS,
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
FRANCE

THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY
440 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
1919

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
39795B
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
B 1939 L

Copyright, 1919, by
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

To My Mother



WOR 19FEB'36

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
When the Cross Trails Meet	9
Song of the Sammies	10
The Volunteers	12
In Training	13
"Going In"	14
The Boy the Stars and Stripes Are Proud to Own	15
Our Old "Dough Boys"	16
The "Fighting Finn"	17
Song of the Camioneers	19
"Over the Top"	20
How Pat O'Shea Got the Kaiser's Goat	22
Sargint Johnsing, Philosopher	23
Back There	26
The Usual Grouch	27
The "Jackass Battery"	28
The Star-Shell Country	29
The Gas	31
Sargint Pud Macnett	33
"C'Est la Guerre"	37
En Permission	38
"On Les Aura!"	41
The Masters of No Man's Land	42
The Philosophy of Corporal Cone	46
The Sapper Pioneers	48
Billy Volunteer	50
Just Sammy	51

CONTENTS

	PAGE
JOHN SELECTMAN	52
CAPTAIN DIXIE	52
THE COLONEL'S STORY	54
AN AIR RAID	58
SERVICE OF THE REAR	60
THE RAIDERS	61
IN THE DUGOUT	64
ALLISTER BILL'S ELSIE	66
ON PATROL	68
A HUN AVIATOR	70
THE TRAIL THROUGH NO MAN'S LAND	74
MY FRIEND	76
LINES FROM A LISTENING POST	77
MY EPITAPH	79
LETTERS FROM HOME	80
TO A FRIEND	81
SEEING THROUGH THE MUD	82
THE BEST GAME OF ALL	84
MY HERO	85
SAMMY'S DUTCH COURAGE	87
SECTION D — TMU — 133	90
MY OLD PAL AND ME	93
THOSE FRENCH "POM POMS"	94
OVER THE DRINKS	96
THEM DEBUTANTERS' CARAMELS	98
THE LITTLE NIGHTS, THE LEAN NIGHTS	101
"HEAVEN, HELL OR HOBOKEN BEFORE CHRISTMAS!"	103
SAVING THE RAILHEAD	104
THE DOUBLE-JOINTED DANE	106
TAPS	109

WHEN THE CROSS TRAILS MEET

Laughing around the bivouac fires when the Cross Trails meet,
Roseate rays of peacefulness making life so sweet!
Comrades are always welcome there in the fireglow's spell
And he is a Cross Trail Legionaire if he's a tale to tell.

Men of a dozen countries, children of No Man's Land,
Breaking their bread together,— Brothers of Heart and Hand,—
Telling their tales of untrod trails in the wisps of light,
Cheering their pals with dreams of home in the long, long night.

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, fighting side by side,
Doctor, lawyer and merchant, chief in their cast-off pride,
Battling now for the Cause of Right where the gas gongs beat,
Sworn Blood Brothers of Heart and Hand when the Cross Trails meet.

Great brave men from the reclaimed wilds with their toil-gnarled hands,
Big-eyed soldiers of dusky skin from the shifting sands:
Red-fezzed troopers from sunshine dales — the lithe Spahis,
Haughty princes from little lands and silken men of ease.

Ye who have followed for Freedom's Flag in this world
of strife,—
Brothered your joys and misered your woes in God's
greater life,—
Ye who have given your all in all from each town and fen,
Have vindicated our principles of a Brotherhood of Men!

Yours are the tales that I fain would tell in my wisps of
song,
Yours the deeds I celebrate albeit in faltering tongue,
Making no poet's claim for fame or for laurels sweet,
Just telling the tales that you told to me where the Cross
Trails meet.

SONG OF THE SAMMIES

Just give us a place in the trenches,
And give us the order to charge,
A spot where the whole earth wrenches,
And Hell with the Devil at large.
Barbed wire and the bursting of shell-fire:
The light of a cannon's red glare:
Then lead us straight on through the hell-fire,
And watch us old Sammies get there!

I am one of the bunch first over,
They call us the " pioneers,"
They've filled us with honey and clover
And fed us all up with their cheers.
They say we're a fine bunch of fighters
And give us the best that they've got,
But we feel like some pampered first-nighters
Along with their miserable lot.

They've given us garlands to squander,
  They've fêted us morning and night:
But we think of our comrades out yonder
  And we're wild to be helping them fight.
We love them for giving swell orders,
  Their welcome was much more than fine,
But we'd rather be there on the borders,
  And proving our love in the line.

It isn't their methods we're blaming,
  This training stuff may be all right:
And I guess that we all do need taming,
  — But, darn it all, we want to fight!
We'll swap you our place for a trifle,
  A Sammy won't want but two things:
Just give him his trusty old rifle
  And a place where the battle-cry rings.

We've waited three years for our chance, sir,
  We've chafed and we've cursed through it all,
And now let us "on with the dance," sir,
  And choose our own girls at the ball!
This waiting around nearly stifles,
  We're wild to go locoed and swear,—
Just give us our trusty old rifles
  And watch us old Sammies get there!

Just give us a place in the trenches,
  And give us the order to charge,
A spot where the whole earth wrenches,
  And Hell with the Devil at large.
Barbed wire and the bursting of shell-fire:
  The light of the cannon's red glare:

Then lead us straight on through the hell-fire,
And watch us old Sammies get there!

THE VOLUNTEERS

Funny, ain't it, me an' you, we didn't want no war,
I guess we ain't got much idee jes' what we're fightin' for.
Ther papers sez it's world-wide peace and red blood 'gin the blue,
I guess that's jes er leetle deep, frien' Bill, fer likes er me an' you.

Remember how it wuz that day when volunteers wuz called:
We didn't know just why we fit an' lots of fellers stalled.
An' some guy grabs you, Bill, an' sez: "Yer country's needin' you!"
An' you jes cotton'd up and sez: "I guess I'll stick it through."

"This country's mighty good ter me, I guess it's up to us
Ter come ercross when she sez 'Come,' no matter what's ther fuss!"
An' then you grabs me by ther arm an' sez: "Jes' look a-here,
We ain't no slackers, is we, Tom? Let's go an' volunteer!"

Ther ban' wuz playin' "Dixie" an' hit shorely het yer blood!
Ther leetle thrilly goosebumps kind uv popped out where we stood.

It didn't make much dif'rence, Bill, jes when we fit er
where;
America wuz callin' us, we hed ter volunteer!

We didn't hate no Germans, Bill. We didn't want no
fight:
But somehow we jes hunched as how our Uncle Sam wuz
right!
We never knowed ther reason why,— I guess we never
keered,—
America wuz callin' us, an' we, we volunteered!

IN TRAINING

Throwing our bombs at a target trench,
Drilling the whole day through;
Sticking our blades in a man of straw,—
That's a heluva way to do!
We're learning a bit from your Ordnance books,
But we all want to see how a scared Hun looks!

Shooting our guns at a big bull's-eye,
Squadding to left and right;
Digging a trench 'neath a clean, clear sky,—
Say, pal, won't we ever fight?
Won't we ever lean on the parapet
And wait for the Boche while the dew's still wet?

Polishing boots and cleaning our suits,
Presenting bright arms at drill;
Eating our hearts in a damn sham scrap,—
And now we have got our fill!

Give us a chance at it hand to hand,
Where the big game waits in No Man's Land!

Give us a chance with the hairy men,
Where the winds of victory blow;
Give us the word, our guns, and then,—
By damn, sir, watch us go!
We're "supers" as yet in the game of war,
But show us a Germ,— and we'll show what we are.

"GOING IN"

Slip, sqush, through the slush,
Down the crooked lines to the mud ahead:
Skid, slide, tight and wide,
Down the tort'rous turnings to the field of dead!

Ping, bing, ricochet and sing,
Little leaden whiners with their strength all spent:
Wow! Bang! Christmas! how that rang!
Must have been a whopper from the way she went.

Look, think, gosh, it's worsen ink,
Couldn't see your lady if she kissed you one:
Great damn! Now we've got a jam,
Never'll hit the trenches till the war's done gone!

Whe-ow! See that hoosius plow,
That's a *wimpus wombat* from the burg of Goop!
Gee whiz! Looka that old fizz,
Gwine 'er go to Heaven on a loop the loop!

Hey, guy, stickin' in my eye,
What ter 'ell you others coming out here for?
Say, pup, ain't we filled 'er up?
Oh, you're gettin' back there while we fight the war!

Squeeze, sqush, up against the mush,
Lordy, I'm a-hopin' that the Boche shells miss!
Oh, boy, won't that trench be joy
After ploughing, sloughing through a crack like this!

At last! Hold those "rookies" fast,
Make 'em stop a' peepin' for a blasted Hun!
Hey, Jack, where ter 'ell's your pack?
Couldn't tell you, buddy, but I've got my gun!

THE BOY THE STARS AND STRIPES ARE PROUD TO OWN

Say, what's the use of cussing and a melancholy fussing
When you're muddy, tired and aching in the dome?
And what's the use of bluing for you knew what you were doing
When you joined the blooming service way back home?

And what's the use of growling or a grumbling lot of howling,
When you're sent to do your little bit "out there"?
It never helps the matter just to grunt and crab and chatter.
If you'll smile, you'll find the days are twice as fair.

If you'll grin and sing and bubble you'll be dodging lots
of trouble
And the work won't hit you nearly half so hard.
When it's your turn in the trenches — cheer up, pal, the
coward blenches,
And you're not a grumbling slacker, are you, pard?

In the winter or the summer if your sector turns a hum-
mer,
Pal, you're lucky to be out there in that zone.
If you'll grin and keep on grinning you'll be winning,
winning, winning,
You're the boys the Stars and Stripes are proud to own.

OUR OLD "DOUGH BOYS"[1]

When it comes to sticking Huns, when it comes to licking
Huns,
When it comes to handling Boches kind of rough,
You can tell old Billy Kaiser (put that homicider wiser)
That our trusty, crusty "Dough Boys" have the stuff!
They're the go boys, our old "Dough Boys,"
At the foe, boys, toe to toe, boys,
Our old rusty, crusty, trusty, fighting "Dough Boys"!

You can do your best to drop 'em, but, by gum, you just
can't stop 'em,
For they're "Berlining" their way on thru your lair!
You can shoot your minnenwerfers, all your other wenie-
wursters,

[1] In army palaver, Dough Boy is the term applied to an infantryman on account of many gastronomic miracles performed in "downing the dough."

But they'll get you on the run and keep you there!
They're the go boys, our old "Dough Boys,"
At the foe, boys, knock 'em low, boys,
They're "Berlining" right thru wiene-land, our "Dough Boys"!

Give 'em hell and watch 'em eat it! Give 'em work and watch 'em beat it!
Give 'em anything on earth but "rest awhile,"
Let 'em tip the top at dawning in the chilly, thrilly morning,
And they'll thank you with a vict'ry and a smile!
They're the go boys, our old "Dough boys,"
At the foe, boys, toe to toe, boys.
They're the vanguard of our victory, our old "Dough Boys"!

THE "FIGHTING FINN"

You couldn't hold him in,
That "Fighting Finn."
He'd only laugh and grin
And fight like sin!

Grenades were all he knew:
And he could do
More damage when he threw
Than mortars, too!

He'd crawl out to a hole
And, like a mole,
He'd burrow to the jowl,
And then he'd bowl!

All night he'd lie and throw:
And we could know
Whenever he let go
A nasty blow!

Far from the German sap
The tap, tap, tap,
Of Maxims answered rap,
Rap, rap for rap!

To catch the "Fighting Finn"
They tried like sin:
But always he would win
And laugh and grin!

They sent a bunch one night
To get him right:
They circled left and right
And had him tight.

The "Fighting Finn" found out
Too late, no doubt;
So wheeling round about
He threw a clout!

He only had five "buns"
To blow up Huns:
And bullets from Boche guns
Were rained in tons!

He blew a sap, that Finn,
And died a-grin:
And, while he didn't win,
He fought like sin —

For later in the day
We passed that way,
And thirteen Boches lay
Beside his clay!

So when we brought him in,
Our "Fighting Finn,"
Came echoes 'bove the din
"He played to win!"

SONG OF THE CAMIONEERS

They're fighting hard in the lines tonight and the hand grenades are out,
The call comes in for Section D, you can hear the Sergeants shout.
We're off, we're off, on a war-torn road to the tune of a bursting shell,
And we'll take the boys the stuff they need or we'll all get blown to hell.

For they're firing, firing on the camions,
Star shells lighting up the camions,
Shrapnel bursting o'er the camions,
But who gives a damn for that?

The camions are loaded deep with shells and the German shells are near,
They're bursting on the road, my boys, you can hear them loud and clear!

But it's Ho for the fighting boys out there, we're taking
the stuff they need,
And we'll give her a little extra gas and we'll cram her
in highest speed.

For they're firing, firing on the camions,
Star shells lighting up the camions,
Shrapnel bursting o'er the camions,
But who gives a damn for that?

Oh, we're happy as larks and light and free and our days
are full of fun:
We never mind the work they give and we never mind a
gun:
We're singing the songs of college days and the girls of
Uncle Sam,
And we're doing our bit and we're proud of it and nobody
gives a damn!

When they're firing, firing on the camions,
Star shells lighting up the camions,
Shrapnel bursting o'er the camions,
But who gives a damn for that?

"OVER THE TOP"

"Over the Top," where the marmite whistles,
Out where the star shell hisses and beams,
Out where the night in agony bristles,
Cold steel glimmers and cold steel gleams,—
Out where the Reaper tallies and reckons,
Out where Beginnings stop,
Out there where Victory leads us and beckons,—
"Over the Top."

"Steady! Quiet! God, it's horrid
To stand wildly straining there
When your blood is leaping torrid,
Hun sent shell-ore landing fair,
Screaming as they clear the border;
All you do is dodge and flop.
How you long for that sharp order,—
"Over the Top!"

Pals you know are killed beside you,
Helpless, standing in the night,
Lots you care whate'er betide you
If they'd only let you fight.
Straining there like dull, dumb cattle,
Won't this shelling ever stop!
How you lust for joyous battle
"Over the Top!"

Men are sobbing, breaking, crying,
Shell-proof hearts in terror blench
Sightless of their comrades dying
Helpless, mud-hipped in the trench;
Just to break out,— to get moving!
Charge and fight and never stop!
Red-eyed, reckless, jostling, shoving,
"Over the Top!"

"Over the Top!"— our blood is boiling,
Nerves are breaking on the rack,
Shells are bursting where we're toiling,
Yet we cannot answer back!
Let us fight in manlike manner,
Let our old machine guns pop,
Let us carry on our banner
"Over the Top!"

Carry on our banner steady,
  Winning to the German wall:
And if need be, sir, we're ready;
  Only let us fight and fall.
If we die, let's be ascending,
  Charging forward when we drop!
Give us, sir, a soldier's ending
  "Over the Top!"

"Over the Top," where the marmite whistles,
  Out where the star shell hisses and beams,
Out where the night in agony bristles,
  Cold steel glimmers and cold steel gleams;
Out where the Reaper tallies and reckons,
  Out where Beginnings stop;
Out where Victory leads us and beckons
  "Over the Top!"

HOW PAT O'SHEA GOT THE KAISER'S GOAT

(*A true story of happenings among the Irish Fusilliers*)

Bill Kaiser, Lord of Prussia,
  Struck out his huge mailed fist
To humble France and Russia,
  Shroud England in a mist,
Pick Europe like a vulture,
  And then, where'er he will,
Uplift them with his Kultur.
  "Oh, Gott Mit Uns!" quoth Bill.

He jumped on little Belgium
  And made a mighty seize,
Quoth Bill: "Ain't I a Hellion?
  I'll bring 'em to their knees."

And in his egoed manner,
He gave unto his Huns
A bloody battle banner
That bore his "Gott Mit Uns."

They carried it while beating
The foe to gay Paree:
They carried it retreating
Back to their own country.
They never tired of showing
This banner in the fray
Till Pat O'Shea got going
And grabbed their goat one day.

He got him up a banner
And used the Boche device:
He used it in such manner
It turned their blood to ice.
The winter had come coldly
When Pat flung it to view
And there in letters boldly
Was: "We've Got Mit-tuns too!"

SARGINT JOHNSING, PHILOSOPHER[1]

"When yo' heahs er shell er cummin —
Flop!
Eff yo' heahs de varmint hummin',—
Drop!"
Yis, they'll tell yo' dat, me deah,

[1] After hearing a lecture on how to dodge shells and then another telling that the muzzle velocity of a large rifle — 3-inch to 8-inch — is about twice the speed of sound.

But yose nebber gwine ter heah
Uv dem obuses er cummin' twell dey's gone.
Ain't
it
so?

O, hit's easy fer ter order:
"Flop!"
When dey's hibernatin', brudder:
"Drop!"
But dem shells goes twic't es fast
Es ole soun' w'en dey scoots past,
An' you'll nebber heah 'em cummin' twell dey's gone!
Ain't
it
so?

Yis, I sees sum new recrooters
Flop,
W'en dey tinks dey heahs some scooters
Drop.
In de groun' dey goes a-scourin',
But de guns dey hearn wus our'n,
An' de shells dey hearn a-cummin' wus done gone!
Ain't
it
so?

"Eff it ain't aimed jes' right at yo',
Flop;
Eff agin' de groun' right flat you'
Drop,
Yo' is safe from them éclats,"

Eff dey don't lan' whar yo' was,
Caze yo'll nebber heah dem cummin' twell dey's gone!
Ain't
it
so?

So I takes me chancet widout er
Flop,
When I heahs er woppin' powder
Drop!
Fer I nebber sees ther uses
Uv er dodgin' dem obuses
Wot yo'll nebber heah er cummin' twell dey's gone!
Ain't
it
so?

So, white folks, yo' tells de udders
How ter flop!
Expirate me warlike brudders
'Bout yo' drop!
Dis heah nigger wants er dugout
Where he'll nebber stick his mug out,—
W'en dey heahs er shell er cummin',—he's dun gone!
Ain't
it
so?

BACK THERE

It isn't the shelling that gets our nerve
  Out there where the éclats whine.
It isn't the trenches that crump and curve
  With rain and the mud and brine.
It isn't the morning, the cold, grey dawn,
  When over the top we go.
It isn't the fearing of days unborn
  Or the terror of ice and snow.

No, it isn't the hurt nor the horror we mind,
  It's the thought of the folks Back There;
The mothers and sweethearts we've left behind
  And the fears that we know they wear,—
— The peaceless fears and the ceaseless tears,
  Because of the lots they care.

We'd willingly suffer to do our bit
  And smile as we onward roam,
But, damn it, our hurtings aren't part of it
  With those of the folks back home.
So it isn't the losing of some good pard
  That cuts like a red-hot knife;
It's thinking his mother will take it hard,
  Or maybe his kids and wife.

His wife and his kids, or a slim, sweet girl,
  Or a mother with angel face,
That love him better than all the world,—
  Who's going to take his place?
We've plenty of others the gap to stem
But he's all,— all in the world to them!

THE USUAL GROUCH

"Oh, it's fine to be a dough boy!" You can hear the red cords say.
"They can sleep in nice warm dugouts while we have to duel all day!"
Yes, you're a bloody bunch of duelists, you and all your rival Huns,
When you start your daring duel, tell me where you point your guns?

You point 'em at the Infantry, the Infantry, the Infantry;
You point 'em at the Infantry,—
— That's a damn fine way to duel!

You draw a bead on Hans and Fritz and blaze away a lot,
And Red Cord Heinie draws on us and answers shot for shot!
You're safe and sound, and Heinie, too, but Hans and Fritz and us,—
Just where the hell do we get off in this here dueling fuss?

You both shoot at the Infantry, the Infantry, the Infantry;
You both shoot at the Infantry,—
That's a damn fine way to duel!

Of course we know you catch it hot when Heinie fires at you,
But why can't you just shut him up and let us have our "do"?

Go maul away at Heinie, if you like to blaze and blitz,
And blow him back to Berlin,— but leave us Hans and Fritz,

For we'll clean up for the Infantry, the Infantry, the Infantry;
For we'll clean up for the Infantry,—
So let US have OUR duel!

THE "JACKASS BATTERY"

(The love name for the machine-gun men, due to the fact that mules pull the carts)

Rat-tat-tat, on the firing line
That's where the "Jackass Batt'ries" shine!
Cuss us a lot in a peaceful spot
But you'll yell for us when the Mausers whine!

In training camps you call us scamps,
The "Jackass Battery,"
Along the roads you joke our loads
And pun in howling glee.
You think our mules are owlish fools,—
But take it, Bud, from me:

It's—"Roust about on the firing line!
Let the 'Jackass Batt'ry' thru!
Give 'em elbow grease for the quick-fire piece!
Make way for the 'Jackass' crew!"

When all goes well you hate like hell
To see us place a gun

Where you are near because you fear
An answer from the Hun.
And so you cuss and raise a fuss
To keep us on the run.

But it's—" Right this way," on the firing line
When the Boche begin to come.
" Can't you stop those Huns with the quick-fire guns?
Bring the ' Jackass Batt'ry ' home! "

The Boches, too, hate just like you
To see us open up
From some well hole or some shell hole
Or some old crater cup.
For well they know that where we " Go! "
Their regiment won't sup!

For it's — Rat-tat-tat, on the firing line,
That's where the " Jackass Batt'ries " shine!
With just two good guns we can stop those Huns
For a hundred yards on the line!

Rat-tat,—on the firing line,—
The line that the grey wave seeks,—
He'll come, will the Hun, then halt and run
When the " Jackass Batt'ry " speaks!

THE STAR-SHELL COUNTRY

Curse it, revile it and blame it!
Call it " No Man's Land."
Cut it and pack it with shell holes,
Shun it on every hand!

Call it the spawn of misfortune,—
  Yet if you're there "To Do"
You've got to admit, old fellow,
  It's moulding a *man* out of you!

Shrouded in hellish beauty,
  Bathed in its myriad lights,
Weird from its greenish star shells,
  Red from its million fights!
More fickle than ever a woman,
  Untrue when you think it best,—
Unloved, unhallowed, inhuman,—
  But God! it puts strength in your chest!

It's meaner than army hard tack,
  It's fuller of holes than cheese,
As hard to digest as lobster,
  And looks like a bad disease!
It's worse than the morning after,
  And visits from mother-in-law;
But it's full to the brim of laughter
  If you've got the *set* to your *jaw!*

You've got to go there to love it,
  You've got to bathe in its hate:
You've got to fall by its wayside,—
  But, boy, it'll pull you straight!
Go over the top in the morning
  While the barbed wire glistens grey,
See red in the hush of dawning
  And damned if you don't feel gay!

You'll love its adventures and romance,
  You'll love its dangers and thrills:

Its trench-seared, mud-wallowed valleys,
  Its grizzled, gun-studded hills!
You'll love its victorious children
  (The Khaki, the Grey and the Blue) —
I say, if you haven't been drafted,
  Old pal, it's up to you!

THE GAS

God, but it's lonesome out here in the night!
  Out here in the sentinel cell,
With the traitorous gleam of a rocket for light,
  Or the fitful glare of a shell.
Nothing to see but the cruel barbed wire
  And the craters in No Man's Land:
The swift, red flash of the German's fire
  And empties agleam on the sand!

I hope we have quiet and peace out here,
  For tomorrow I leave for my home
(The first time I've left for over a year) —
  Mother, your boy has come!
Oh, won't she be glad, that dear mother o' mine,
  With the silver of love in her hair
And the eyes that I long to see happily shine
  As she knits in the old willow chair!

Oh, I can hardly wait for the morning to come!
  Just think, *she'll* be waiting for me!
My brave little girl, your boy's coming home,
  Coming back to his sweetest Marie!
For one month of love, of home and of joy,
  Picnics on the banks of Twin Creeks:

Just a happy-go-lucky, fun-loving boy,
  Who's back from the Front for four weeks.

I never did know what a wonderful place
  My home and my Land could be.
It's branded me deep — time cannot erase —
  It's God's country calling to me!
I long to be back, if just for a spell,
  To play and to romp as of yore:
Say, that was a funny kind of a shell!
  I never heard that burst before.

The dances we gave at the old A. A. C.,
  You betcher I'll swing 'em a curve!
Say, what in the devil's the matter with me?
  Those shells are getting my nerve!
They're not very close, yet somehow they seem —
  They don't burst like any I know: —
That's it,— they explode with a slovenly gleam,—
  But forget it! Tomorrow I go

Back from this hell of sleepless nights:
  Back from the blood and the slime:
Back from the cruel and unceasing fights:
  And, God, it's just coming in time!
My nerves are all jagged; my thoughts wildly seethe,
  I'm sick of this horrible mess!
The air is all heavy,— I can hardly breathe.—
  It can't be — that those shells — were gas!

It must be! I'll warn those back there in the line:
  Hello! It's the gas . . . a new kind:
You can't see it or smell it (my mask — no . . .
    that's fine!)

I'll take care of those who're behind —
My mask — I can't wear it! I've got to call up
And warn all the fellows back there.
The gas gongs — for God's sake, send warning right up!
It's the gas,— and it's over us — square!

My mask — I can't see it! They're coming,— the Huns!
See, they're cutting the cruel barbed wire.
They're coming — OUR BOYS! The spat of trench guns!
See the Boches fall back as they fire!
I can't see. What's the matter? Central, Hello!
Give me Mother. . . . Won't peace ever come?
Tomorrow . . . tomorrow . . . tomorrow, I go. . . .
Mother, your boy — has — come — home!

SARGINT PUD MACNETT

Say, did I ever tell ther story of old Sargint Pud MacNett,
Ther king of all ther Dough Boys when it come ter bayonet?
No? Then, pass me down a pretzel an' er bubblin' pot o' sud,
An' I'll spin it fer yer benefit — ther yarn o' Sargint Pud.

Don't I min' jes how he tuk us when we rookies come up green,
An' ther Sarge he starts ter cussin' an' er ventin' ov his spleen:

"Jab it! Stab it! Like yer meant it!"— at thet grinnin' man o' straw.
"Use yer bay'net like yer loved it! Wot ter 'ell yer tink it's for?"

When we'd jabbed his gorl-darned dummy till ther wusn't nawthin' left,
An' we'd jumped his muddy trenches, then he tuck us on hisself:
"Yer're ther nerve," he used ter tell us, "uv ther hull damn regimint!
Bay'nets all thet's good fer Germans. Go an' get 'em when yer're sint!

"Jes' remember when yer git thar thet yer're scrappin' han' ter han',
An' they ain't no Ten Commandments thar,— out thar in No Man's Land!
Fer it's yer or him, my hearties, wot will wiggle in ther mud.
It's ther meanest kind o' killin', is ther bay'net," sez old Pud.

When we crawled up ter ther trenches over half er million holes,
Sloughin' ter ther ears in mud rot an' a-cussin' uv our souls,
They wus shootin' like ther devil, an' ther Sargint sez ter me:
"We'll get goin', 'tout de sweety, Corp'ral Jones," he sez, sez he.

Sure we didn't do much waitin'; we jes' piled up on ther top

An' ther Capt'n hedn't started when he done er circus flop,
An' he crumpled like er gas bag, an' ther Sargint sez ter me:
" Jab yer bay'net in their stummicks, Corp'ral Jones," he sez, sez he.

Thank yer, yes, anuther pretzel an' er little wet o' sud —
Then we crope up 'hind the barrage — grippin', slippin' in ther mud:
When we hits ther fust Boche trenches wusn't nawthin' doin' ther:
Jes' some muddy, bloody Germans an' as dead as ticks they were!

So we stumbled on ther second an' we found 'em in ther muck,
And I jabbed a German bruiser an' my gorldarn bay'net stuck
So I couldn't yank it backwards; then ther Sargint sez ter me:
" Jab er cartridge in yer rifle and then shoot it out! " sez he.

Sure, ther boys wus doin' nicely,— hed ther Boches on ther run,—
When I blew thet fat ole German sort of wigglin' off my gun:
An' I sloughed on up an' after, an' I saw old Sarge MacNett
Playin' rings around five Boches with his bloody bayonet.

He wus jabbin' like ther devil — wus our dried-up Sargint Pud,

An' ther bruisers blew like horses from er dodgin' in ther mud.
It wus light es dear ole Broadway when them balloon star-shells flew
An' I come up hell fer leather jes' as Sargint copped him two.

I come slidin' down ther sap-head es er German N. C. O.
Yanked er pistol frum his holster an' fer Pud he let er go!
Drilled him thru his bloody kicker; an' ther Sargint howls ter me:
" Run 'em round here ter my bay'net, Corp'ral Jones," he sez, sez he.

So I drives 'em up ther sap-head; an' ther yeller cowards beg
When they sees ole Pud still jabbin',— tho' he hadn't got much leg.
I wus half a min' ter take 'em when ther Sargint sez ter me:
" It's expensive ter feed pris'ners, Corp'ral Jones," he sez, sez he.

Gimme jes' anuther pretzel an' er partin' whiff o' sud,
An' we'll drink ter thet ole devil wot wus known as Sargint Pud.
Yes, they got him 'fore 'twas over, with er pesky piece o' lead
Wot come howlin' from some obus, an' it plunked him in ther head.

So I grabbed his feelless flapper, an' ther Sargint sez ter me:
" Don't forgit ter use yer bay'net, Corp'ral Jones," he sez, sez he.

" Shootin's too damn good fer Germans. Pin 'em squirmin' in ther mud!"
An' he kicked out like er soldier,— cussin' Huns,— did Sargint Pud.

"C'EST LA GUERRE"

In these lines is an attempt to embody the wonderful French spirit. No matter the suffering, they smile and say: "C'est la guerre."

Working like a slaver, sloughing in the muck,
Plowing slowly forward, half the time you're stuck,
Bullets whistle 'round you, shells scream overhead,
Makes you feel like quitting, kind o' wish you're dead.
Yet you want to stick it, something makes you, pard
(Many million others working just as hard);
Sure you're not a slacker, grin and greet 'em there:
" C'est la guerre, boys, c'est la guerre!"

Liquid fire and gases, hand grenades and shells;
Deadly screaming devils, bursting, burning hells;
Weary nights of fighting, tired days of guns
Make you think the wounded are the lucky ones.
Yet you do your durndest,— never let a whine,—
For you know your country wants you in the line.
So you keep on going, smiling everywhere:
" C'est la guerre, boys, c'est la guerre!"

Freezing in the trenches, starving any time,
Helping out a comrade wounded in the line.
Lots you care for empires, lots you care for kings;
Home's your only palace,— love's your world of things.
Yet your country called you and you answered it —

Had to prove your manhood; proud to do your bit.
Laughing at your troubles, smiling everywhere:
" C'est la guerre, boys, c'est la guerre! "

EN PERMISSION

Sipping my whisky and soda
Here in the flare and flame,
I'm watching the same old soldiers
Playing the same old game.
Toasting the same old bright eyes,
Singing the same old song,
Drinking the same old red stuff —
God, but the years are long!

Listen, you fellows, one moment:
Look at me sitting alone,—
I am only a youngster
Barely turned twenty and one.
Blessed with a brave old family,
Favored with worldly clay,
Got my degree at college;
Everything came my way!

Yet I was young and foolish,
Never could play the game;
Always stopped by the wayside
Fanning each little flame.
Roses were all the world meant,
Life was a grand sweet song;
Down the Broad Highway I wandered
Gadding gaily along.

Then — then I met *the woman!*
God, how she set me afire!
Fairer than ever a dream was,—
Beautiful! More than desire!
Lips with the bloom of promise,
Passion to depths untold,
Eyes that were always laughing,
Hair of a sun-tinged gold.

Years would have named her maiden
Old tho' she was in sin;
Hers was the creed of *woman:*
"Laugh and the devil win!"
She answered my burning passion
And loved me just for a spell
She showed me *her* way to Heaven,—
It started me down to hell!

We hit the high places a season,
And while we were going — we went!
Oh, for the hours I've squandered!
Oh, for the thousands I've spent!
She smiled and my life was sunshine,
She laughed and the angels played,
She wept, and I loved her better,—
God, if she'd only stayed!

But she was only a woman
With only a woman's creed,
And I was only a youngster
Unused to a woman's greed.
She threw me down for another,
Rich, and fresh for the dance.

And I, indebted and lonely,
Am buried somewhere in France.

Simply a man of the Legion
Trying to fight and forget;
Doing my bit as a man should,
Hoping they'll get me yet.
It's easy to die as a soldier
Facing the battered foe,
But it's hard to live with a memory
Dragging you down below.

Give me the star-shells flaring,
Give me the rocket's beam;
There where the cold eyes staring,—
Cold as the marmites scream.
Give me the world inhuman,
But never a woman's smile! —
Never the eyes of woman —
Brother, it's not worth while!

Sipping my whisky and soda,
Watching you play the game,
Thinking you're just a soldier
Bound to get used the same.
Glutten your fill of women,
Drink like a spongey thing,
Then — when the furlough's over,
Sing, you poor devil, sing!

"ON LES AURA!"

The battle cry of the French, meaning, "We will get 'em!"

Down the grim, shell-shaken roadways where the crimson
cannon play,
Where the rocks and dirt are geysered: where they camou-
flage the way:
There's a laughing line of heroes marching, singing to the
fray:
"On les aura! On les aura!"

Through the long, long weary hours as the troop-trains
onward fly
To the nameless Land out Yonder looming red against
the sky,
They are bringing us new courage as they thunder singing
by:
"On les aura! On les aura!"

In the wake of shell and shrapnel, in the maelstrom of the
mill,
They are charging ever onward with a spirit hell can't
kill!
Striking straight and strong for Freedom,— grim, deter-
mined,— singing still:
"On les aura! On les aura!"

They are France's own brave children,— sons of age-old
fighting sires,
Men whom centuries name as masters of the flick'ring
bivouac fires:
Men who know not how to falter in the work which
France inspires:
Ils les auront! Ils les auront!

Allies, hear their stirring war-cry,— heed their spirit ever gay,—
Join them crying: "We shall get them!" to the great Triumphant Day!
Let your voices ring through history, let your war-cry cleave the fray:
"On les aura! On les aura!"

THE MASTERS OF NO MAN'S LAND

I am one of the Foreign Legion,— been at it the whole damned time,
Been slammed in each hottest region and wallowed in blood and in slime,
I've fought for the sheer love of fighting and killed with a triumphant yell;
But now I am done with my fighting, and the Doc says I'll never get well.

You'll say we are cut-throats and villains, we men of the Legion, all right:
You'll say we are reckless and foolish — but damn it, you know we can fight!
You throw us the scum of your gutters, the hopeless, the broken: — and then
We give them the love of the Legion, and,— God! — how it turns them to men.

I joined with a Russian Anarchist; the son of a bankrupted peer;
A Frenchman whose love had renounced him; a negro with only one ear;

A preacher whose parish had balled him; a Finn; a Turk, and a Kite —
And I was a lad in his twenties, just longing for romance and fight.

They hailed us as " Blues " when we got there,— at Sidi-bel-Abbes, Algiers.
We worked and we fought and we quarreled; we wept and we laughed through our tears;
We longed for a good honest battle, with our banners and men pouring forth —
Then the Germans went smashing on Belgium, and we hurried like mad for the North!

We turned them out there in the open, we beat them like rats to their holes:
We blew them right out of their trenches and burrowed beneath them like moles:
We met them and shattered their charges: we licked them with gun and grenade!
Wherever the fighting was hottest,— the Legion was there undismayed!

My friends paid the red toll of battle,— each died with his face to the foe;
The Russian and Frenchman fell charging; the rest were with me in the snow
On the night when we seven got cut off (O God, I remember it well),
Out there in a big frozen shell-hole in the midst of that living hell!

You know what it's like in the Winter when the drear
cold stabs to the bone,
And you shiver out there in the trenches,— your fighting
blood shriveled and gone,
And the Boches keep shooting and shelling, and many a
man curses his God;
But there's never a whine from the Legion,— those men
that you know with a nod.

The Finn had a broken machine gun and only a couple
of strips;
The Turk and the Preacher were loaded with grenades
that hung from their hips;
The rest of us each had a rifle, and somebody struck up a
tune,—
The famous song of the Legion,— as the Boches came
over the dune.

Surrender? Why, man, we were happy! We shot and
we sang with a will!
The cold and the snow were forgotten as those thick-
headed pigs climbed the hill!
At our first shots the leading line melted; our Hotchkiss
sent fear to the core;
So we laughed at their clumsy retreating and begged them
to send us some more!

But, damn them! they won't fight in the open! They
crawled in their holes and with shells
They levelled the ground all around us, and we cheered
at their shots with our yells!
Then the smoke cleared up just a little,— the Finn and
the Preacher lay dead
And the Kite was a-kicking and squirming, with only the
half of a head!

And the Boches came pouring out at us (we hadn't a
Hotchkiss this time)
So we met them with rifles and bayonets, sunk up to our
knees in the slime.
We whites went down in an instant with hardly the time
for a cheer,
But the space was soon cleared around us by the negro
with only one ear.

His face was all bloody and horrid; he was swinging his
gun like a flail,
And he grinned in a terrible manner at the sight of the
Boche turning pale.
Then I found a Hun automatic and fired at the beasts
from the ground
As they rushed us again with their bayonets — and the
one-eared black went down.

Then a cheer like the bursting of thunder! And pouring
in over the cone,
Were our boys who had finally found us! The Legion
had come for its own!
And the Boches turned tail, helter-skelter, as they do
when the Legion's at hand,
For they may be the men with no country, but they're
Masters of No Man's Land!

The Doc says I'm done with my fighting; he doubts if
I'll weather the storm,
But I'm happy to know as I lie here that I've once worn
that plain uniform:
That I've fought and I've bled for the Legion — that my
name lives as one of that band —
The men who haven't a country,— the Masters of No
Man's Land!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CORPORAL CONE

Ther ain't no use in talkin' 'bout yer dashin' calveliers
An' yer thrillin' wild-eyed charges wid ther bullets 'round yer ears.
This ain't no war fer romance wid er han'chief in yer hat —
It means workin' like er nigger,— but it's fun, fer all o' that!

Fust time yer hits ther trenches yer mought hate it wussen hell —
Fer thet awful lonesom' feelin's like ter make er strong man yell.
An' ther's mostly nuthin' doin' an' yer lies thar like er rat
Wid yer bed in muddy water,— but it's fun, fer all o' that!

Yer kin pipe ther big 'uns screamin' as they whistles overhead,
An' ther night-time allus dotted wid ther flashes green an' red,
An' ther Boches over yonder: yer kin see whur they is at
Cookin' up some shady bus'ness — but it's fun, fer all o' that!

Then yer ketch it, an' it's hellish! — shells are bustin' right an' lef'
Pals yer know'd are blowed to pieces till yer's almos' by yersef.

Star-shells lightin' up ther slaughter — yer kin heah ther rockets spat,
Lamp them "typewriters" er drummin',— but it's fun, fer all o' that!

Nawthin' doin'! God! Hit's awful standin' strainin' in ther line,
When yer cannot hunt er dugout an' yer cannot let er whine:
When yer're shot at by them Boches an' yer can't git whar they're at;
An' yer hates 'em wussen poisen,— but it's fun, fer all o' that!

"Charge!" Hit feels like Heaven ter git movin' under fire,
Feels like Glory ter start yellin', stumblin' on across ter wire.
"Bay'nets fixed an' give it to 'em!" heah the Lewis's rat-a-tat:
Cut aloose like some ole injun — but it's fun, fer all o' that!

Stickin', cussin', jabbin', shootin', cryin' lak er little kid
God knows yer can't tell what yer're doin': "Kill him, crack his German lid!"
"Seein' red," that's what we calls it for yer knows yer on a bat
Like er sodger out on pay night,— but it's fun, fer all o' that!

Groanin', moanin', yellin', cryin', writhin' men as kill an' cuss,
Till yer're stabbin' most at nothin', wond'ring whar's ther hellish fuss.

"Quiet, boys! Hold back, they're beaten!" Fritz is beaten good and flat.
An' yer're reelin', fallin', singin',— but it's fun, fer all o' that!

Next yer knows yer're feelin' rotten, all turned up on some white bed —
Kind of wonderin' if yer're livin' er if maybe yer are dead.
An' er white-dressed purty angel gives yer paw er little pat —
Then yer thinks yer're sho' in Heaven,— but it's fun, fer all o' that!

Ther's a pal what "went in" wid yer, an' he tells yer what yer've done,—
Captured some besotted outpost by what seemed like endless run.
Yer is jest er little cog-wheel,— never knows quite whar yer're at,
But yer're helpin' win ther vict'ry — an' it's big fun, jes fer that!

THE SAPPER PIONEERS

You ask me to tell you a story tonight,
A story of times "out there."
Of the shell-lit night and the smoke-dimmed day,
Of the men you love and the game they play,
Of the red-rimmed dawn and the twilight grey,
And the wonderful deeds "out there."

You savvy the Sappers, the pioneers,
With the trench dust caked to their very ears,
And callouses on their flappers.
The boys with the sand at the head of the band,
Who pilot our way over No Man's Land:
Who bridge all the ruts and burrow the sand.
The jacks of all trades — the Sappers.
If the soldiers retire,
It's " String up the wire —
Just put in a call for the Sappers! "

You know what it's like when you're crossing a swamp
And the ground is all boggy and everything's damp,
And the sky lets loose sudden clappers.
It was much worse out there — a whole week of rain,
The shell craters full — the trench wouldn't drain,
And we had to move forward dry quarters to gain,
So naturally, we yelled for the Sappers.
Oh, the ground was a muck,
And the infantry stuck,
What ter hell could we do without Sappers?

They started up prompt to drain out the wells,
And 'long with the water 'twas soon raining shells,
And cowardly bullets from tappers;
Yet forward they went; we followed behind,
A-scraping what measly shelter we'd find,
No matter the strafing, they seemed not to mind,—
Those sons of a gun, the Sappers.
If shelled for a while
They worked harder and smiled,
All grins and much mud,— those Sappers!

They helped us across to where we were sent,
Then dropped in behind and cheered as we went,
  And gave us a hand with their clappers.
They were muddy and bloody and all shot up when
Dry quarters were gained by most of our men.
They'd started out fifty and ended up ten!
  But they'd got what they'd gone for,— those Sappers.
    No matter the work,
    They never will shirk,
  They're the nerve of the army,— those Sappers.

Alone in the night, hip-deep in the mire,
They're ducking the shells and stringing the wire,
  And freezing the ends of their flappers.
They're building a bomb-proof or digging a mine,
They're helping the fellows all over the line,
They're chock full of jokes, but never a whine —
  Those jolly good fellows,— the Sappers.
    They're there with the sand,
    And No Man's Land
  Will treasure its memory of Sappers!

BILLY VOLUNTEER

Happy-go-lucky volunteer,—
  Billy, I guess his name was,—
Just couldn't wait when the bugle called:
  Wanted to see what the game was.
Folks didn't think he was steady enough —
  Rather allowed he was foolish:
"War will be over in just a short time."
  But Bill was inclined to be mulish.

So off without cheers or fanfare of drums,
God speeded our Billy to France.
Happy-go-lucky volunteer,
Anxious to take his chance!

First to venture the submarines:
First to be welcomed "out there";
Warming to cheers of His Sister Land
When his own Land had only a stare.
First to share death with his Brothers in Arms,—
Blazers of Trails,— and *men!*
Giving Old Glory her place in the Front,
Leading Old Glory to win!
Stemming the tide with his boyish thews;
Yielding his life to chance —
Happy-go-lucky volunteer
Buried — Somewhere in France!

JUST SAMMY

Nobody knew him,— nobody cared
Just how uppy or down he fared.
His was the "losingest lot" of all,
He heard no cheers nor trumpeter's call,
He had no dreams of laurels fair,
His was the "know"; he was "just there!"

Father to rookies: helping them out,
Making them soldiers trained for the bout:
Bearing the brunt of a million men,
Training them, shielding them, leading them in!
Sammy, plain Sammy, who ate his baked beans
In Mexico, China or Philippines.

Trusted and loved by private and boss,
Sammy will win or share others' loss.
War is his Mistress; death is his chance.
Sammy is leading them somewhere in France!

JOHN SELECTMAN

John Selectman, proud and tall,
Bravely heard his Country's call.
Waited, fired by no wild flame:
Answered, like a man, his name.
His were cheers and laurels sweet,
Nation's praises at his feet:
Trusting God, and not to chance,
John Selectman went to France.

Trained, equipped with worldly best,
Steadfast hewed he to his quest.
Strong of arm and nerved for war,
John Selectman will go far.
His will be the victor's name:
His will be the niche in fame.
God, his Country, Duty, Love,
Unconquered, ever onward move!
Right will win,— there is no chance!
John Selectman wins for France!

CAPTAIN DIXIE

You're like the land that gave you birth,
Dixie, Captain Dixie,
The finest and the best on earth,
Dixie, Captain Dixie.

No more you'll hear our loud acclaim
As charging on we cry your name:
"For Dixie! Strike through flare and flame!
To our Captain!"

Yet we remember what you gave,
Dixie, Captain Dixie,
Your life our worthless ones to save,
Dixie, Captain Dixie,
We'll not forget that horrid spell,
The clustered group,—the bomb that fell,—
And how you smothered it — too well,
Our Captain!

The bomb hissed in yet no one fled,
Dixie, Captain Dixie,
Our hearts stood still, our souls seemed dead,
Dixie, Captain Dixie.
But like a flash you dashed for it,
And falling where the bomb had lit
You covered. Not a man was hit,—
Save our Captain.

Oh, we who would have died for you,
Dixie, Captain Dixie,
Are fighting now in pride for you,
Dixie, Captain Dixie.
Are hoping from your home on High
You'll see us charge,— will hear us cry:
"For Dixie! Strike, advance or die!
For our Captain!"

THE COLONEL'S STORY

The Colonel thumped his old black pipe and tamped in
the soothing weed.
(A cool, sweet smoke on a red hot night was the grand
old Colonel's creed.)
He lighted a match with a snip of his nail and tenderly
gazed at the flame:
" It's just like this," he said through the smoke, " a flash,
— and the end of the game! "

" A flash,— and a duty like lighting a pipe — p'raps
lighting a mother's days,—
Then nothing but charred and blackened remains,— or
maybe a heluva blaze!
And what if the fire burns 'round the world. The match,
— it's gotta go out!
And that's what I used to tell Dixie McCord; but Dix
was a mountain of doubt.

" He thirsted for fame and yearned for a name that would
burn in the days to be,
And fit was he for a king of men — a liker you'll never
see.
Full six feet two in his stocking feet, all tissue and nerve
the while
With heart as big as his bulk of thew and a ' damn-glad-
to-do-it ' smile!

" Oh, the dreams he dreamed in the ' after mess ' of a
great, grand gallant rush!
And the plans he planned for a get-away in the heart of
the last Big Push!

His fever spread round in the souls of us and we saw in the battles due
The torn, worn flag of the Regiment the first to have broken thru!

"But Fate is a miscreant kind of maid and chance is her mother-in-law,
The harder you strive for her well-baked side the liker you'll find the raw.
And he who battles for laurel wreath is on for a mirage dance
While the sombre yew may garnish the head of the man who gambles in chance."

The Colonel thumped on his old black pipe and scattered the embers out.
"It's just like this," he said with a smile, "a space — and the end of a bout!
A little of living and loving, and then — the uncertain end of the game —
And that's what I used to tell Dixie McCord, but Dix was a digger for fame.

"We entered the line in the quiet place, and there isn't much to be said:
Just a 'snipe' or two or a shell came thru — and maybe a midnight raid.
For the worst of all was we had to learn tho' it seemed but play for a child —
Then the Big Drive came with its chance for fame and Dixie McCord went wild!

"He fumed at the frisks of an adverse Fate and wished
for a place out there—
When sudden our line was a mass of men and the Boche
had quitted his lair!
Two companies held in a shell swept town and swore
they were there to stay—
For one was old Dixie's fighting 'B' and the other was
Company 'A.'

"All day they held as the line fell back and many the
word of cheer
Came up from the 'Powers that Be' back there to hold
tho the cost be dear!
And never a Fate more handsomely smiled on children en-
deared to fame
Than the Captains of 'A' and 'B'—so Dix had his
chance for a name!

"The masses of green-grey dead lay piled like bulwarks
around the town
And the 'Typewriter Ticklers' kept heaping them up
whenever the Boche bore down.
Till after a while the waves gave way and gas shells sick-
ened the din
And hard on its heels the Germans came and furiously
smashed on in!

"Unnerved by the clouds of poison gas the Companies
broke at last
And fighting their way on the crooked streets fell back
where the line held fast.—
Yet theirs was the day, for reserves came up. And the
hours the town had held
Sufficed for the troops to consolidate, and the old and the
new to weld!

" Aback in the muck of the crooked streets as the fighting
troops gave way,
A wounded Boche tore the gas mask off from the Cap-
tain of Company ' A.'
Then a bayonet thrust brought him gasping down, and
choking from fumes of fire
He called to the Captain of Company ' B '; and Dix knelt
down in the mire.

" Sweet visions of fame had teemed in his brain and almost
he'd painted the luck
Of the Captains who'd held to the town all day when the
rest of the line had struck.
He thought of the chance the day had won,— then he
thought of his wounded friend
Unmasked in the paths of the poison gas — a minute more
— and the end!

" A minute more. Oh, the day was sweet! — and the
Huns were coming en masse
But he thought of the horrible, tearing death from the
fumes of the poison gas
And stripping his own mask off he gave the chance to his
wounded friend
As the Boche came up and he turned to fight — a man
to the journey's end.

" The Captain of ' A ' is a Colonel now and wearing the
D. S. C.
For the highest of honors were won that day by the fight-
ers of ' A ' and ' B.'
And a little grave in this Hero Land, revered by the
Khaki Clan
Is the resting place of Dixie McCord — full six feet two
of man! "

The Colonel thumped on his old black pipe and his eyes
were pearly dim:
" He didn't live for the fame he'd won but we worship
the name of him:
And tho I've sported the dreams of him and laughed his
ideals away,
I honor the Captain of Company 'B'— for I was the
Captain of 'A'!"

AN AIR RAID

Silent the bullet's drone,
Silent the screaming shell;
Hushed are the cry and groan,
Echo the words: "All's well!"
Peace to the soldier comes
Wrapped in the arms of night,
Dreaming of loves and homes,
Never a dream of fight—
When out of the dark
The whimpering bark
Of a gun and the roar of a flight!

Wildly the sleepers wake
Chilled to the bravest heart,
Just as the barracks quake,
Tremble and burst apart.
Limber the anxious guns
Light through the inky sky,
Aim for the racing Huns,
Vengeance for those who die!
The searchlights glare

And the rockets flare
And the shrapnel bursts on high!

Screaming a bomb descends
Hissing its hymn of hate
There where the stable bends,—
Such is the will of Fate.
Upwards the airmen curve,
Fixed in the searchlight's rays
Enemy bombers swerve
Fleeing its vengeful maze —
While moaning their woe
The horses below
Are trampling the men in their craze.

Bursting around the plane
Shrapnel in fiery spurts,
Men who are wild with pain
Smile as they staunch their hurts.
Faintly the engines beat,
Throbbing with bated breath —
Sudden a flaming sheet
Crashes to earth — and death!
And the million stars
Of a million wars
Shine on its last retreat!

Slowly they die away;
The throb — the cannon's roar;
Silence and peace hold sway
Save for the steady pour
Raining the éclats down,
Down to the earth below.
Gone is the hostile sound,

Gone is the winged foe —
And the weary ones
Forsake their guns
For sleep and peace once more.

SERVICE OF THE REAR

Doing our bit on the kitchen crew with a dirty rag,
Taking our turn on the fatigue squad or a 1st Loot's fag,
Tossing out shells for the Ordnance bunch, plying saw and wrench,
Trying a bit at 'most everything but the first line trench.

Reading the dope of our fighting pals as they march on in,
Swelling our chests with a brother's pride for the scraps they win:
Choking a bit o'er our unloved jobs as we plod along —
Glamour and Romance have dreamed away like an old, sweet song.

Knowing that someone must rush the stuff to the boys out there,
Knowing that glory is not for us nor the stripes they wear,
Knowing they'll gather the laurels sweet and the crowns of fame,
Knowing that no one is proud of us — yet we play the game!

Smiling wherever they jeer at us as they march on by,
Aching and longing for one sweet day 'neath the flare-lit sky,
Giving them all of our strength and hopes that their wants be filled,
Growling a bit at an unkind Fate for the lot She willed.

Never to carry a service stripe nor a service cross,
Counting our work in the rear as naught and our dreams as loss,
Giving us nothing but work and food and a slacker's name,
Nothing but HELL in a refined way — yet we play the game!

Yes, for it's bigger than one man's dreams — there's a world at stake:
It's greater and grander than one man's fame — there's a world to make:
And a million boys in the lines tonight having all they need
Is the only reward that we'll ever ask — is our only greed.

We know that we borrowed the drabbest end yet we're glad we're here,
And we're doing the all that they ask of us happy to a volunteer,
And what if the littlest praise be ours on the great, grand day
It's something to know that we've served our Flag,— even in the smallest way.

THE RAIDERS

The French Raiders are brave men who, with their belts hanging low with grenades, precede an attack, or, as in this case, make a little private battle on their own hook, just for the love of fighting.

Bloody old geezer, MacClellan, always out for a fight;
Never would stay in the trenches; just couldn't hold him tight,

Got him a berth as lieutenant in charge of the bombing scouts,
And " Mac's " first command was to steal out and blow up a few " sauerkrauts."

There wasn't much scrap in that sector. The boys were losing their sand;
So " Mac " and his Raiders one evening crawled out into " No Man's Land ";
Crawled out to the German barbed wire, their belts hanging low with grenades,
And cut thru the first line of tangles — 'twas black as the last ace of spades.

The star shells began to shoot upwards till all of the world seemed on fire,
And we could see " Mac " and his Raiders still cutting the German barbed wire.
With pitch they had blackened their faces so the white wouldn't shine in the light,
And we hoped like the devil they'd get back — but "Mac "— he was out for a fight!

The sentry had hardly perceived him when " Mac " gave a blood-curdling yell
And flung him a present of " kultur " that blew his whole output to hell!
There wasn't much use now in hiding; he couldn't get back after that,—
The sent'nels were shouting their warnings and machine guns started to spat.

Then " Mac " and his Raiders got " going "— hit straight for the German first line,

Went over the top like a cyclone as rifle balls started to whine.
Well, maybe those Boche weren't caught napping! They came out of their "abris" in vain,
For "Mac" and his raiding fire-eaters bombarded them back in again!

Reserves were coming up quickly when "Mac" took the mouth of the trench,
The star shells showed him alone there — and giving his bomb-belt a wrench
He flung a grenade at the vanguard that blew them right out of the ground;
Then, laughing, he dashed back to shelter and ordered his Raiders around.

"Now, give them a cheer for old England and three for the brave Princess Pats;
Throw 'em a last gift of 'kultur,'— then back to your burrows, you rats!"
We heard them out there in the darkness — the cheers that were made with a will,
And the rest of us just couldn't stand it — we beat it like hell up the hill!

Old "Mac" and his men were still fighting: the Boches had them penned in the wire,
And five of our fellows were missing — went down with the first line of fire.
In ten minutes it was all over,— the Boche had slunk back to his den,
And we had brave "Mac" on our shoulders and shaking the hands of his men.

The next day you read in the papers: "An outpost was taken last night:"
But never a word of our Raiders and never a word of the fight.
This war is too big to pick heroes, yet we who have suffered out there
Will take off our hats to "The Raiders"— the nerviest men anywhere!

IN THE DUGOUT

'Tis a pretty reminiscence when your pipe is lit at night
And you gaze with dreamy comfort thru its clouds of wispy light
As the faces of your sweethearts of your boyish days steal by
And you're back with love and sunshine 'neath old Georgia's soft blue sky.

Then it sets your brain awhirling with a passionate delight
As you trace their girlish figures in the greyish realms of white,
And you chuckle softly to yourself whene'er you think of HER —
The one you gave your doughnuts to, the first you did prefer.

I should say I do remember that old sweetheart of mine —
Just a wild, sweet rose of Georgia — child of nature and sunshine.
We would walk the scented meadows when the cows were driven home,
Where the swift streams laughed in torrents speeding down from Yona's dome.

One day I stooped and kissed her when I'd lost my boyish fears —
And then (I'll ne'er forget it though I live a thousand years),
She drew herself up like a queen (If one were e'er so fair),
Just withered me a moment and turned and left me there.

Her sixteenth summer just had passed, the child was there no more,
(I can see her eyes flash even now as I dream these dreams of yore).
" Come back," I pleaded softly when she'd turned those eyes of blue,
" Don't think I stole that kiss," I said, " I'll give it back to you! "

She walked more slowly then, I thought, until she reached her gate.
I sloughed along my homeward path — but something bade me wait.
She turned her pretty head around — I thought I saw her smile,
But her sweet blue eyes were cast down while I shuffled to the stile.

And then she tossed her golden curls and whispered, " Dear old Jack,
I hate to think of you a thief — I guess — I'll take it back! "
My heart soared right to glory and I yelped a Choctaw shout,
Then I caught her — . . . Oh, doggone it — *Huns* a'coming — All pile out!

ALLISTER BILL'S ELSIE

There are men who gamble their wads away when old pay day night rolls round
On dice and cards or a chancing bet with a light o' love of the town.
But the sportiest yet was the man-sized bet when Allister Bill Duprey
Played an " Elsie lay " with Panhandle Jones to gamble his life away.

The Sergeant had asked for a volunteer to cross the " Divide " that night,
And Allister Bill and Panhandle Jones had both put in for the right.
The Sergeant sure hated to pick a man and didn't know what to say,
So Allister Bill says to Panhandle Jones: " We'll make it a monte lay! "
That Panhandle Jones just worshipped the game and many the first line spells
He dealt for the boys in a dugout dim and made them forget the shells.
How we clustered around on those weary nights when he shuffled his monte deck —
And never a man was too poor to play — your IOU was his check.

Then Allister Bill rolled a nicotine pill, and Pan said it sure was a " hunch."
" If you have to go I'll follow in tow and rustle you back to the Bunch."

So we wandered into the Catamount Cave and anxiously watched our pards
As Panhandle Jones love-shuffled his deck and Allister Bill cut the cards.

A " whizz bang " burst by the dugout door and the whimpering smoke seeped in.
We shifted a bit on our nervous feet and the silence hurt like sin!
Only the twang of the long thin cards and the tense-toned voice of a man,
As Allister Bill at the half of the deck says: " I'm waiting for ' Elsie,' Pan."

Then Panhandle Jones turns the Lady of Hearts with the Gempman of Hearts on the floor —
" That's my ' Elsie lay,' " says Allister Bill. " I'll play her an open door! "
And we held our breath as the deck of death was tenderly stripped of cards
Till only a third of the fifty-two was left to choose one of our pards.

There wasn't a man in the dugout that night who hadn't bucked monte before:
Who hadn't been downed on his favorite lay and cheerfully paid the score:
But never a man had seen such a play while gaming his monthly wealth
When only nine cards remained in the deck and four of those cards meant death!

The eyes of the men who play for the stakes are steely and diamond-hard —
And Panhandle Jones presses down on the deck and slips out another card.
Dim lighting the room in an eerie flash as a triple star slowly fades,
He covers the "Elsie" of Allister Bill and Montes the Lady of Spades!

He'd always a smile, had Allister Bill, and smiling he gripped Pan's hand,
And bidding good-bye with never a sigh he crossed the Dividing Land!
He had to go out to blow a Boche sap — and — and after the fire grew slack,
Old Panhandle Jones went over the top and rustled his dead pal back!

ON PATROL

Me an' Jim wus on patrol
W'en we sloshes in a hole
  Out in No Man's Land.
Hit wus full o' rottin' Germs
'Bout as nice to feel as worms
  Wiv your bloomin' hand.

We wus jest er pullin' out
W'en we hears a muffled shout
  Comin' from below.
An' we hears some picks er diggin'
Like them Boches wus er riggin'
  Up some fancy show.

Sez old Jim: "I'll tell the Cap'n!
You kin stay right here an' tap 'm
If the dirt falls thru."
So he beats it off like sin
An' I sits an' throws er grin
At ther fun to do!

"So," sez I, "you've dug a hole
Fer your own grave, Mister Mole,
Right out here in France!"
An' them Boches worked like hell,
While I sits down in me well
Waitin' for me chance!

I had only got two bums,
Fer to han' ther fust wot comes,
So I waited still,
Then the dirt begun ter fall
An' er pick stuck thru ther wall —
So I grabbed me pill!

Mister Boche sticks out his snout —
Wow! I lets er horrid clout
Wiv er han' grenade.
Wish you could er seen ther smack
And ther way 'e tumbled back
Like his head wus splayed!

I had clumb up out on top
So I lets me last one drop
On the other fork.
Blow'd them Huns right out again
Like this "parley voo" champagne
W'en you pulls ther cork.

Then they got me, did the Huns,
Wiv their rapid firin' guns,
  Shot me down they did!
An' ther Cap'n finds me there
Wiv me paw stuck in me hair
  Where they'd plucked me lid.

Now I'm minus of one ear,
But you bet I'll never keer,
  Fer I might have died.
An' I sees them Huns again
Poppin' out like old champagne!
  Then I'm satisfied!

A HUN AVIATOR

A soldier honors a brave man's deed,
Regardless of country, law or creed.
Be he yellow, red or white or black:
Be his morals pure or conscience slack:
Be he English, French or Russ or Hun:
A man's a man for the things he's done.
Not what he is, but what he does,
Is his measure as a soldier goes.

From Soissons on the River Aisne up to the Craonne Height,
A man may sleep a bit by day but never a bit by night.
A man may sleep a wink by day, but he who sleeps "out there,"
Must watchful be for the foe beneath, on earth and in the air.
His bed may lie above a mine: a random shell may burst:
A silver cloud may hide a foe who lurks with hate athirst.

Yet quiet comes with eventide before the dark unfolds
That hideous hell that's known as night, its tragic drama holds.
A peaceful time when brave men girt their courage up anew,
And pray to Him who is above to win the long night through.
When they who make and they who mar move men where'er they will,
And unseen hands plot unknown things to kill and kill and kill.

One evening at the twilight hour the long lines lay at rest:
The ruddy sun in grandeur sank into the crimson West.
The "Army Eyes" were signalling their data for the night,
And long gray clouds of moving dust rose thru the waning light.
Two thousand feet above the earth — three miles behind the foe,
The Observation Bags were up directing guns below.

When sudden from behind a cloud there shot a silver Thing
That grew and grew and nearer came within the hostile ring,
Three observation bags were up and scarce three miles apart,
And straight for them the Silver Thing sped like the lightning's dart.
The weary gunners down below had scarcely seen it there
When shrapnel puffs began to dot the quiet twilight air.

The Frenchmen in the "sausages" in frantic haste sent down
Their signals of the racing Hun to comrades on the ground.
Yet swift and swift the Silver grew, nor veered to left nor right,
His mitrailleuse began to speak. The sausage cleared for flight.
And far away, below the ridge, two French planes rose to air
And banked and circled warily to gain a vantage there.

Two thousand feet above the earth,— three miles behind the foe,
The "sausage" crumpled slowly up and flamed a ruddy glow.
Two shrill, shrill screams of agony; a fiendish cry of mirth
And two dark forms — grim, shapeless,— fell their pilgrimage to earth!
Nor turned, nor stopped, nor rose, nor dropped, but ever swifter sped
The little Silver plane straight for the second bag ahead.

Ten guns below bespoke their woe and belched their vengeful hails,
The shrapnel smoke on all sides broke: lead thrashed the air like flails.
The high explosive shells screamed up to burst beyond their mark:
Two broken forms in silence lay beside the gunners' park;
The men within the "sausage" had their mitrailleuse at play,
And thru the air the bullets whined — the bird-man neared his prey.

He missed: he dropped: then rose again and like a frightened bird
He banked and veered and swiftly soared straight for the trembling third!
The great gas bag had slowly sunk — a thousand feet from ground —
Yet all too late the lowering came: the Silver Streak bore down
His mitrailleuse again aflame — then, like the eagle's swoop
He smote his prey a mortal wound,— then calmly looped the loop!

Ten guns below bespoke their woe, but baffled by the swift
Uncertain movements of the Hun their vengeance went adrift.
The two French Spads were also thrown a moment from the chase,
As widely banked the wily Hun in that terrific race.
And while the whitening shrapnel puffs the twilight heavens kissed,
He whirled around,— a silver streak,— straight for the bag he'd missed!

His wings were torn with bullet holes: his engine coughed and gasped:
Two hostile squads around him closed and éclats near him rasped:
His belt was nearly bare of shells: there seemed no safe retreat:
Three miles away his haven lay,— to fight meant sure defeat.

Yet still he fired: the "sausage" fell in agony to ground
And little men in parachutes shot shrieking, whirling down!

Two miles away his haven lay beyond the River Aisne,
Above, below, the vengeful foe were tearing on his plane.
Defenseless there in hostile air he fled back towards the North,
The whining lead shrieked round his head; the eager ground stretched forth!
He gained the Aisne — a rival plane missed ramming by a hair:
And like a steed with demon speed he gained his silver lair.

From Soissons on the River Aisne up to the Craonne Height,
A man may work where'er he will, but every man must fight!
May burrow mole-wise through the earth to set a powder mine:
May charge across the shell-torn ground where leaden bullets whine:
May live like eagles in the air,— a stranger to cold fear:
Yet he must fight on Craonne Height who holds his country dear!

THE TRAIL THROUGH NO MAN'S LAND

Old pal, we have broken a thousand trails
And camped for a thousand nights:
We have lived with men beyond the pales
And laughed through our endless fights:

We have traveled the winding paths that roam,
But ever the way led back
To the Land of Love that we know as Home
As sure as the swallow's track.
But those days, old pal, in the past are sped,
And today with our gun and pack
We're hitting the Trail that lies ever Ahead,
And there are no Highways Back.

We're hitting the Trail with no Back Track,
The Trail that lies ever Ahead:
And we'll follow it, pal, till the battle's won
Or the strength of our souls be sped —
On the shell-torn Trail, the well worn Trail,
The hell born Trail through No Man's Land.

Old pal, they've blazed us a strong man's trail,—
Our comrades who've gone before,—
They're counting on us and we cannot fail
Though our feet be weary and sore.
Oh, the way is hard and the way is long,
And the Trail lies steeped in blood;
But we're hitting it, pal, with our hearts in song
And we wouldn't turn back if we could.

On, on, on, Ahead o'er the hard fought Trail
Where never a step may lag
'Til our foemen yield on the battlefield
Saluting our Starry Flag —
On the shell-torn Trail, the well worn Trail,
The hell born Trail through No Man's Land.

A prayer, old pal, as we pack along,
And the moonbeams glisten pale,
For the boys who fall with their hearts in song
While blazing the Onward Trail.
For the Mother back there on the old Back Trail,
As she bravely smiled and said:
" My Boy, keep to the Outward Trail
'Til the strength of your soul be sped."
I think they'll know, as we go, old pal,
And our muffled drums beat low,
And they'll wish us well, as we pass, old pal,
To the Land where they longed to go.

A prayer, old pal, as we pack along
And the moonbeams glisten pale,
For the boys who fall somewhere in France
While blazing the Outward Trail —
The shell-torn Trail, the well worn Trail,
The hell born Trail through No Man's Land.

MY FRIEND

Silent he lay there in the night,—
A crumpled, shapeless mass;
His once glad face a putty white
Against the crimson grass.

I kneel to grasp his senseless hand
And whisper in his ear,—
The shells go hurtling o'er the Land,
But Harry does not hear.

I take his little silver tag
From off his lifeless wrist,
And from his neck a silken Flag
And picture, mother-kist.

I wonder, as I smoothe his hair
And wait the morn to come,
How I can tell his Mother there
That Harry won't come home.

I'd rather lie like he has lain,
And smile as he did, too,
Than cause his Mother half the pain
That friendship bids me do.

For tho I grieve a royal friend,
And all my world seems blue,
I know that this is not the end —
And others must grieve, too.

LINES FROM A LISTENING POST

When you've staked a claim on thinking and you're questioned up with riddles
And you're worried 'bout the end of things — the After Life and all,
Don't you wonder if you cashed in would you play those Golden Fiddles,
Or if maybe things you'd thoughtless done would pass the ebon ball?

When you see your best time bunky stagnant still and bloody-crumpled,
And you souvenir the world of things he used to always do —
You just know that he could answer all the questions that you've fumbled,
But his lips are sealed and silent, and he hearkens not to you.

Don't you sometimes kind of wonder why your dead pal sleeps so stilly,
Why he never says a word of after-faring good or bad?
Why he never leaves a hint to help you wandering willy-nilly
When in life he would have gone thru hell to make you smiling glad?

Don't you wonder when a pardner goes down, brazenly blaspheming,
With no chance to square himself with God or time to make a prayer,
Is he damned for good and always to a life of groans and screaming,
Or is Someone shuffling hands-down with a mind to play it fair?

When you've lived with death and near death and you've staked a claim on thinking,
Don't the things you've done and didn't do come filing row on row?
When you've doped your life percentage and you find it surely sinking
Don't you wish you hadn't done the things you did not long ago?

You can listen to this "Fate Line" but you know you
don't believe it,
And you know you're far from ready to go up before
your God,
There's a voice that cries you caution — It's a cinch you
can't deceive it
For there's something else a-coming 'cept the six feet
two of sod!

When you're planning out this thought strike and your
dust is tainted yellow,
And you know it wouldn't pay the way from here to
Peter's gate —
Ain't it time to shift your diggings and hitch to the other
Fellow
Who will show you where Bonanza is,— and start an-
other slate?

MY EPITAPH

If I be killed "Out There,"
Let it be said:
"Here lies a man who lived
Best when his blood was shed,
Who never knew the joy of life
Until he gave it for his flag,
Who learned that living was made sweet
By serving without lag."

Let it be said:
"He died beneath the silver stars;
The skies of blue; the flash of red;
His Country's flag, his own."

Let it be known:
"That no regret, no single moan
Passed those cold lips that learned to smile
At that new joy of serving all the while."

Let it be told:
"Here lies no warrior bold,
No man of iron nerve,
But one who learned to love and live
The day he learned to serve."

LETTERS FROM HOME

When you're feeling sort of woozy and your liver's on decline,
And you can't enjoy tobacco nor a little wee of wine;
And you're feeling that disgusted you would rather quit than fight,
Don't a good old homey letter put your liver back all right?

When you ain't got much ambition and you're leary 'bout it all,
'Bout this universal peace thing,— think it's nearly all a stall;
And you're sick of guns and bullets and you'd rather lie and dodge —
Don't a good old homey letter make you want to yell and charge!

When you're tired of rats and trenches and you'd rather be back home,
And you don't care much for nothing — life's all across the foam:

And their shooting gets your courage and there's water
in your eye —
Don't a good old homey letter shoot your backbone to the
sky?

When your body's just all tired out and the fighting just
won't cease,
And you'd almost give up vict'ry for a little rest and
peace:
And you're sick and tired of cussin' and you don't know
how to smile —
Don't a good old homey letter make it all seem darn'd
worth while?

You can bet it makes us happy, starts us working with a
will,
Makes our hardships pass unnoticed, keeps us always up
the hill;
We'd be glad to fight forever — gives our lips an upward
curl,
When we get a homey letter from the best home in the
world.

TO A FRIEND

There ain't no wrong in the world, old pal,
That a friend can't square up right
There ain't no blues in the world, old pal,
That a friend can't put to flight!

There ain't no fun in the world, old pal,
'Less a friend has a good, big bit,
There ain't no joy in the world, old pal,
If a friend's not part of it!

There ain't no life that is plumb worth while
If the life of a friend ain't part.
If there ain't the cheer of a good pal's smile
And the warmth of a dear friend's heart,

There ain't no honor or name, old pal,
If you search to the Journey's end;
There ain't no title as high, old pal,
As the simple old handle,— *friend!*

SEEING THROUGH THE MUD

Buck up, boy, and greet the morning. What's the use of hanging crêpe?
Peace and victory on the dawning! Lick your grin box into shape!
Winter working makes you stronger — gives your system lots of pep!
Hit the Trail a little longer building up your Country's "rep."
There's a lot of sunshine
shining through the Mud!

Rain is kind of like a tonic,— makes you pretty, people say.
Sleet and hail, they're not chronic — when you smile they fade away.
Shelling? Lordy, boy, don't worry when you hear the big guns sing,
Think of all that scream and flurry — often never hit a thing!
Keep a'grinning at that sunshine
shining through the Mud!

Maybe you've got a great big grumble — run a corner on
hard luck.
Kind of like to rant and rumble 'bout your mis'ry and
the muck.
Did you ever stop and wonder as your comrades by you
pushed
Up the trench to greet the thunder — why they smiled,
and smiling — rushed?
They were seeing of that sunshine
shining through the Mud!

Did you ever see our Sammies ploughing on through muck
and slop,
Hear their grinning, cheerful, "damn me's!" as they
piled up o'er the top!
See them gladly, gladly giving all on earth they've got to
give
That the Sun of Freedom living still might shine and still
might live,
So that *you* could see its sunshine
shining through the Mud!

Do your durndest with good will, boy! Smile your
broadest when you're blue,
If you've got a bitter pill, boy, hide it from your comrades'
view.
They have troubles just like you, boy; but a soldier has to
smile.
It's the smiling that you do, boy, makes your service damn
worth while!
Makes your comrades see the sunshine
shining through the Mud!

THE BEST GAME OF ALL

Old pal, we've hunted the grizzly bear to his Rocky Mountain den.
And thrill to thrill we have met his rush and killed like the savage men.
Just you and I and the bleak, black sky and the yellow, bared back fangs —
We loved the fight as the grizzly does so we met as the bull moose clangs!

We've hunted the boar in northern France and spitted him hand to hand.
At the break of day when he turned at bay, old pal, we were there to stand!
And his last grand rush as his six-inch tusk whipped by like an eagle's claw,
What a glorious thrill to be in at the kill when the day's unbaked and raw!

We've followed the trail of the mustached lynx and tunneled him out of his lair;
We've stalked on the track of the mountain lion and slept on his soft warm hair.
We've stuck to the trail from daylight till dark and always in at the fall,
And now we're hunting the biggest game, man, and — God! it's the best of all!

Out there in the land where the trails are lost and the game is coming fast
With a red-eyed will and a lust to kill — it's the " Happy Ground " at last!

As we lie stiff stark, in the liquid dark, and we list for
our angry prey,
And the rifles crash in the Verey's flash, we're seeing him
turned at bay!

We're done with the bear and the wild cat's lair, we're
off on a man's size hunt;
We're done with the boar and the tiger's roar; we're deaf
to the wild pig's grunt.
We're taking our stand in the " Hunting Land " that the
red man dreamed about:
We're hunting the biggest game of all, and, brother, we're
tracking them out!

MY HERO

A. Slinger, War Correspondent, of the *Crabville County
Gazette,*
Was my ideal of a hero,— the favored of gods and our pet.
When " bugles in agony sounded " and " strife was arife
in the air,"
He " girt up his undaunted loins " and Slinger of Crab-
ville dashed there.

How thrilled we read in the papers of all that he braved
at the Front,
Of how he stood by at St. Quentin: and helped Gen'ral
Joffre pull his stunt.
We ate up his " highways of bullets,"— his " boulevards
bristling with shells ";
His days were " nightmares of blood carnage," his nights
were " unspeakable hells! "

We read of his month in the trenches and paled at the pitiful sight
Of " blood running wild like a torrent," and men " going crazy at night."
We froze with him through the drear winter when " fingers and noses dropped off,"
We shuddered at hardships he'd weathered,— turned white at the dangers he'd scoff.

But I was unhappily drafted and rushed over quickly to France,
And drifted one day into Paris, " enrepoo " before taking my chance.
Somehow chanced I into a barroom,— and sudden stood stiff on the floor —
Entrenched behind bulwarks of cocktails, was Slinger,— my hero of yore!

He wrote as I tremblingly stood there, his brow all a-beady with sweat,
And the words that he scribbled so hurried I think I shall never forget:
" Last night the carnage was horrid. I, myself, was thick in the fight,
And the pounding of big guns keep rhythm with the keys of my type as I write."

I wondered what guns he heard pounding, when a soldier observed with a grin:
" He's one of those War Correspondents who sees all the Front through his gin! "
Three others were writing there wildly, when sudden it dawned upon me
That Slinger, brave War Correspondent, had never been out of Paree.

SAMMY'S DUTCH COURAGE

Tommy needs his wee o' rum
To start huntin' for the Hun,
An' a glass o' crawlin pinard helps the poilu on the run.

But a good old jaw o' chew
Keeps the Sammy on the do,
An' he's spittin', never quittin', 'till the bloomin' battle's won!

The Cap'n chawed his baccy and the Cap'n scratched his dome:
" I'm a thinkin'," he sez, " Sargint, wot ter hell —
Wot ter hell they're doin' yonder whur them 'minnenwefers' come
'Caus' tonight we ain't been bothered by no shell."

So I cottons to the Cap'n: " If you're anxious fer to know
What them Huns is calculatin' anywhere —
All you got to do is tell me an' I'm ready fer to go —"
Sez the Cap'n to me: " Sargent, put it there! "

It wus stiller than a graveyard and ther wasn't nary light,
An' a lot ov rottin' corpses wus about:
But I daubs me map with pitch, sir, so it wouldn't shine so white,
An' I takes a chew o' baccy and hauls out!

Sure, them Huns wus pretty near us,— somethin' 'long o' 80 yards,
An' the wire wus hangin' loosely in a strand.
Hit shore wus mighty mournful when I sees me pore old pards
Wot wus cultivatin' shell holes in the Land.

Some wus mournin' and a' groanin' and I hear a fellow scream —
All the which wus dyin' slowly lyin' there:
But I crawls on in a nightmare — like a fellow in a dream —
Till I feels like somethin's comin' at me fair!

Hit wus darker than a pitchpot but I knowed I weren't alone,
An' I almost yelled me nerves wus thet unstrung:
Then I hears 'em crawlin', crawlin' and I stretches out right prone
Like I'd cashed me checks unhallo'd an' unsung!

Ther wus lots o' corpses out there what was not so rank as me,
Fer I hadn't stripped me duds this little lif',
An' I tole you how me map wus,— so I made, you plainly see,
A respectable and smelly kind o' stiff.

Then them nawsty Boches reached me and they clum up on me frame,
An' they lingered like they loved the shape o' it!
An' I gulped me wad o' baccy — I wus chewin' o' the same
When the Boches got so thick I couldn't spit.

I know'd me end wus commin' and wus commin' pretty quick,
An' I wonder'd wot ter 'ell that I could do:
Fer them Boches wouldn't leave me and I shore wus pow'ful sick —
The which had cramped me circus — had that chew!

You would think that I would give up all the courage that I had —
(Not to mention several other little things)
An' I gets to feelin' foolish from the kickin' o' thet wad:
So I hists me voice to heav'n an' I sings:

" Tommy needs his wee o' rum
To start huntin' fer the Hun,
An' a glass o' crawlin' pinard helps the poilu on the run:

But a good old jaw o' chew
Keeps the Sammy on the do
An' he's spittin' never quittin' till the bloomin' battle's won!"

Gosh, them Boches throw'd the sponge up when I spouts me little song
An' they yelled like holy rollers in the pines:
(Y'know me voice ain't pretty, so it helps the fun along)
An' they beats it hell fer leather fer our lines.

They wus pilin' off me stummick, they wus pilin' off me head,
They wus squealin' like a bunch o' hungry hogs:

An' I yells an' sings an' dances — (me wot they had thot
wus dead)
An' they rolls into our trenches jist like logs!

Then I waddles in behin' 'em with me appetite caved in,
But me spirit still a' spoutin' of a yell:
An' ther Cap'n chaws his baccy and ther Cap'n throws a
grin:
"It's a blow-out!" sez he, "Sargint, wot ter 'ell!"

So I gives him thirteen pris'ners wot wus "Kameradin'"
blue.
"These here shells," sez I, "is some explosive things,
But they ain't a Christmas pop-gun 'long a belly full o'
chew!
Which reminds me, Cap'n," sez I, then I sings:

"Tommy needs his wee o' rum
To start huntin' fer the Hun,
An' a glass o' crawlin' pinard helps the poilu on the
run:
But a good old jaw o' chew
Keeps us Sammies on the do,
An' we're spittin', never quittin' till the bloomin'
battle's won!"

SECTION D — TMU — 133

Old pal, I know you are thinking of our happy camion
days,
Of the great big-hearted fellows that we knew:
Of that Land so scarred and nameless where the shell
aurora plays,
Of our comrades, dear old comrades in the Blue.

You remember how we loved them — all that joyous, happy band,
The careless, carefree volunteers for France:
How we loved our thrilling journeys thru the wondrous Star Shell Land
Where our mighty five-ton steeds would buck and prance!
Eddie Redfield, I could bean you when I hear you holler:
"Jud,
Shake your blankets, you old loafer, and pile out!"
And it's two o'clock, you devil, and the world is full of mud,
And it's cold enough to freeze a poodle's snout!

They are wanting ammunition and there's not a sec to lose,
Sure old Pat is up and doing of his bit:
And I expedite your forebears as you dump me in the ooze —
But I'm glad I'm there to do my part of it!

Oh, those thrilling, chilling mornings as we thunder down the Trail
With our loads of ammunition for the guns:
We munch our mouldy chocolate as the sky is turning pale,
And we hearken to the strafing of the Huns!

You remember, dear old fellow, how we rumbled thru the night
And we couldn't see a thing that lay ahead:
How we thanked the roaring cannons for their vivid floods of light,
And the star shells for their greenish sunshine spread.

Oh, the road was like a whirlpool with its countless surging pawns,
All the hordes of combat wagons and of men.
While the batt'ries moved like tortoise: while the staff cars sped like fawns:
We were masters of the roadway, weren't we then?

But they're over — all those glad days — all those days of fight and fun,
When we roamed the Front as carefree volunteers.
We are now in sterner khaki and we're looking for the Hun
With the Stars and Stripes a'waving to our cheers!

Yet I'm thinking, pal, we're longing for the free skies and the stars,
For our dear old dirty, bouncing, bumping truck,
And I think we'd swap our Sam Brownes and our little silver bars
For one thrilling, cussing night ride thru the muck!

Those were days of fun and laughter: those were days of joy and pain:
Those were days of happy romance and of zest: —
Yet we've left them, dear old fellow, far too good to come again —
For our Country's call has found us — it is best!

So we'll drink one to the Section,— to our good old Section D,
To the het'rogenous comrades that we knew:
And we'll take one more to drown it, and I vote we make it three!
It's a good old world, old fellow! Here's to you!

MY OLD PAL AND ME

I've a cozy little office hid out there
All secure from winter weather, wind and snow.
And I'm safe from biting blizzards and the glare—
So I ought to be real satisfied, I know.

I've a staff job in the A. S. L. of C.
And the work is just the kind I'm trained to do,
But the Star Shell Country's voice is calling me
And I'm restless for the romance that I knew.

I've a little bunch of volumes in my room
And my pipe is ever glowing bluish bright,
So I pen my rhymes to chase away the gloom,
But I know I'll have to leave them all some night!

For I'm dreaming, dreaming, dreaming of those days
When we thunder'd down the dark roads to the guns,
And I'm seeing star shells bursting thru the maze,
And I hear the red, red voices of the Huns!

There's a Kent and Kidder staring in my eyes,
There's a pile of plans for monster guns and things,
But my thoughts have hari-karied to the skies
Where the mitrailleuse is flaming as it sings!

There's a fascinating drawing on my board
And an estimate for building up a shop,
But my thoughts have run amuck to where the horde
Of howling Huns are piling o'er the top!

. . . . . .

Ah, hello — there's someone knocking at my door,
My old pal, who brings a taste of star shell air,

Who will chide me for my rhyming: wake some more
All my yearnings for the flare-lit wastes out there.

"Hello, boy! Why, what's the matter? You look sick,
And you're drippier than poodles in the rain:
Why, your map acts like a misbehaving brick!
Doff your duds, get warm, smoke up and spill your pain!"

"Jud, you horse-thief, tell me how you got your drag
For a decent job in this here pesky war.
All I do is freeze and fight and cuss and fag!
Why, I'd give my bars to be just where you are!"

Then he tells me of the hard fights and abuse,
And I yearn to be again 'neath flame-cut skies—
But I tell him of the new shells he can use
And he looks at me with envy in his eyes.

So we banter job for job and smoke and grin
As we spill the age-old army transfer line,
But it doesn't make a dif just so we win—
Still, I'd like to have his job, and he would mine!

THOSE FRENCH "POM POMS"

"Pom! Pom! Pom! Pom!
Out to give Heinie his due till he's through and blue!
Pom! Pom! I'll be dom!
Here's Yankee Doodle, kit and kaboodle,
Out to give Heinie his due—Pom! Pom!"

The Frenchies have lent us their Pom Poms —
We didn't have any in France.
A little bit bigger they are on the trigger
But, gee, it's a wonderful chance — Pom! Pom!

Into the line with the Pom Poms,
Crumbling a pill-box down!
Pom! Pom! I'll be dom!
Here's Yankee Doodle, kit and kaboodle,
Crumbling a pill-box down — Pom! Pom!

The Heinies have built 'em a redoubt
And walled it with concrete and steel,
But it'll be safer when we start to straf 'er
To build 'em an automobile — Pom! Pom!
And cuddle up under the wheel — Pom! Pom!

Clearing the snags with the Pom Poms,
Smashing a redoubt up!
Pom! Pom! I'll be dom!
Here's Yankee Doodle, kit and kaboodle,
Smashing a redoubt up — Pom! Pom!

It's chocked to the gills with the devil,
And out to give Heinie his due,
"Your 'Gott' may be mit you but, Fritz, when I hit you
You've got to admit that he's through — Pom! Pom!
And mighty darn glad to quit, too — Pom! Pom!"

"Pom! Pom! Pom! Pom!
Out to give Heinie his due till he's through and blue!
Pom! Pom! Pom! Pom!
Here's Yankee Doodle, kit and kaboodle,
Out to give Heinie his due — Pom! Pom!"

OVER THE DRINKS

Drink? Yes. Thanks. Oh, anything. You see, it doesn't matter much,
For I'm going back tomorrow as a target for the "Dutch!"
Dumps? Lord, no, it isn't that! Some folks would call it Fate.
You know, a man just gets a hunch when Death has made a date!

Remember Dick, of Company C, who had the liquid fire?
Old Dick got mighty sure one night he'd kick in on the wire.
He even gave me notes for home — his pictures, and, by gad —
(No, make it straight for me this time) — the best friend that I had.

And sure enough the word came 'round —"It's zero time at five!"
And Dicky boy just wrung my hand and grinned: "The last for me alive!"
I laughed and tried to pass it off, but Dicky swallowed hard
All through the preparation roar, then whispered: "S'long, old Pard!"

At five less zero we were set, and out in No Man's Land
A squad of humped-up figures crawled — old Dicky and his band —

You know this liquid fire layout — the smoke grenades at first,
And under cover with the flames to do their damning worst!

At zero sharp the smokers fired and deepening grey clouds broke,
While half a dozen brick-red tongues went licking through the smoke!
And after that — (another straight) — the fetid, burning stench!
The screaming Huns: the twisted forms: the hell-charged, blackened trench!

My God, I've hated Germans! — but you see it different when
You realize those piercing shrieks are made by human men!
I wilted like a coward in his first time under fire,
And I guess I must have fainted, for I slipped down at the wire!

Oh, God, the hideous sight I saw — I must . . . I must have dreamed!
For in the trench before me someone laughed and wildly screamed.
My pal, old Dick, gone clean, stark mad and crooning soft — then wild,
And singing to a black, charred Boche as one would nurse a child!

And then . . . and then he saw me where the scattered barbed wire gleamed,
"You there, look, look! Look what I've done! It's hell's own fire!" he screamed!

"You call it war — this burning hell — your devil must be fed!
Aye, burn 'em; burn! It's your turn next!" he shrieked, and fell back dead!

(Another straight) — You know the rest. They hauled me to the doc,
Who, like a grim old general, scratched: "Another case of shock."
It's over now. I've had two weeks and filled them full of life.
Tomorrow, when I get back there, I'll take old Death to wife!

I can't get Dicky off my mind — those charred and blackened Huns —
Those screams of pain — those burning words all through the horror runs!
I hate to think I'll go by fire — that's all that makes it hard.
No, thanks — I've had enough tonight. I'm sleepy — s' long, old Pard!

THEM DEBUTANTERS' CARAMELS

They've sent us a lot of incendiary nuts, but the oneriest maverick
Which ever got roped in a draft corral was that galloper, Chattering Chick.
He hadn't the gump of a 2-year-old nor the nerve of a darned coyote —
Guess the only excuse that he had for his feed was the volume o' suds he could tote.

He'd drink till the boys went off with a snore then suddenly howl, "I'm dry!"
And tackle a barrel of red pinard as easy as walloping pie!
But give him a gun, or "over the top," and Lord, he'd just make you sick —
His teeth would be chattering Cohan time, with his knees like a lantern wick.

He got on the Captain's refined nerves. Says the Cap'n to Chick one day,
"You may be a man, you flea-bitten steer, but damned if you act that way!
You've corralled two legs and a couple of arms and a thing that might be a head,
Now rustle out there on the list'ning post. Get quiet — or plumb full of lead!"

Old Chick started chattering lickety-split, but we didn't sabe the tune,
The which was a species of King Willie Hoppe's — not elegant under the moon!
But, whiles we palavered on shooting or rope (and some was in favor of both),
Our Percival Perkins come round from his specs and like a societer quoth:

"Remember that bundle which hitched up to me in one of the postman's spells?
It carried the brand of my Darlingist Liz and bristled with caramels!
Now, while I am loco on toasting her eyes — her cooking ain't corralled my heart,
For one of them things got stuck to my jaws till the Doc had to prize them apart!

39795B

" So, seeing as Chick is bound to make noise with them chatterin' iv'ry of his,
I moves that we gives him a sweet caramel which come from my darlingist Liz! "
We opines the idea is powerful good, and Chick sets down with his jaw
All stuck with the stickiest caramel, the slickest you ever have saw!

The which brings to mind what spradelled out things these here debutanters can strike,
I've knowed of a cowman which spotted their brand the half of a mile down the pike.
" 'Tis thus," he opines, " they thinks of us boys as something akin to a saint
An' presents us with passels no human could use except for the things which they ain't! "

This Percival guy got slathers of junk turned out by his 400 crew,
An' used to go working it off on the boys like these here Samaratins do.
He give me two mittens too big for my feet, but they covers my head in the sap;
His sweaters was used for wristlets and robes and his socks was swell for a cap.

But, cutting that out of the gen'ral round-up, I guess they means powerful well,
An' we sho' is indebted to her of the knits which invented that caramel.
For long about morning them Boches got wise and started to pluggin' our sap,
An' Chattering Chick tugged so hard on his jaws he almost let out a yap.

They come up right close, but never hearn much on account o' that caramel,
Tho we twisted a bit, an' was, I will say, some powerful put for a spell,
An' Chick was the gladdest of all when they hiked and didn't take nothin' to heart
When we hammers a bayonet into his mouth persuading his jaw-bones apart.

Now, speaking of sick, if Perk's Lady Friend is reading these lines here-about,
I hopes she will spill him some more of that stuff 'fore our balance on hand gets chawed out,
Fer Chicky's all right — but his teeth is too loud, and noise in a sap is plumb hell,
An' the only sure cure for them chattering jaws is a debutanter's caramel!

THE LITTLE NIGHTS, THE LEAN NIGHTS

The little nights, the lean nights
With scarce a wink of sleep;
The long nights, the mad nights
Where flaming monsters sweep;
The grey nights, the red nights
Where breathing sickles creep:
The grim nights, the sad nights
Where weeping angels reap.

How lingers on the day!
Its bloody sunset glowing
As if it willed to ward away
The eager night's red mowing!

Still poised above the crimson clouds
The eagle watch is keeping,
Swift scanning all the earthly crowds
Who toll tomorrow's reaping.

How lingers on the day!
Its cheery sunshine holding
As if it irked to steal away
And leave the night's dark moulding.
Tense nerved the sentry peers beyond
The grim land slowly shading,
How eagerly he greets the wan
Last ray of sunlight fading.

How lingers on the day!
Its sun down — yet in glory!
The rose skies strive to shun away
The black night's horror story.
Beyond, a steel voiced monster peals,
Impatient of the waiting,
And weeping day in silence steals
Behind the grey cloud grating.

How rushes in the night!
Dark clad in anxious hours,
So full of work, so full of fight,
So destitute of flowers!
The sentry peers into the gloom
Where every noise is horror,
Where every step is dark with doom —
Where every morn brings sorrow.

How lingers on the night!
Its pall of mystery weaving

As if it willed to ward away
The ruddy morn's sun cheering.
The soldier grimly waits the light —
The wondrous Day that's coming.
For his is strength to win the night
And his the Day for homing.

The little nights, the lean nights
Too short for men to pray;
The long nights, the mad nights
Where fiends of horror play;
The grey nights, the red nights
Where germs of sorrow prey;
The grim nights, the sad nights —
How long before the Day!

"HEAVEN, HELL OR HOBOKEN BEFORE CHRISTMAS!"

Stuffed in a car like a pile of bags,
"Hoboken or Heaven or Hell, 'toot sweet'!"
Nothing to eat 'cept our Red Cross fags,
"Hoboken or Heaven or Hell, 'toot sweet'!"
Hey, buddies, you all hear that old engine blow?
It won't be a shake 'fore we hit the show,
And where in the devil you think we'll go?
"Hoboken or Heaven or Hell, 'toot sweet'!"

CHORUS:
Heads down and bayonets fixed,
Spit the Germs and don't get mixed,
Heigh ho, I got yuh, bo,
It's Heaven or Hell or Hobo-ken

Before old Santy comes, my lads,
Before old Santy comes
It's Heaven or Hell
Or Ho-bo-ken
Before old Santy comes — Will we go?
Well, I guess!

The Sergeant is whiter'n my gal's hand,
" Hoboken or Heaven or Hell, ' toot sweet '! "
He must be a skeer-red of Nobody's Land,
" Hoboken or Heaven or Hell, ' toot sweet '! "
The " Loots " got his " gat " and he's off with a hop,
It's after the Hun, lads, over the top,
And now we've got going, why, where will we stop?
" Hoboken or Heaven or Hell, ' toot sweet '! "

Who knows what the devil we're fighting for?
" Hoboken or Heaven or Hell, ' toot sweet '! "
And what will we get when we win the war?
" Hoboken or Heaven or Hell, ' toot sweet '! "
We don't give a damn, so hit 'em agin —
A bottle of rum and a barrel of gin —
I'm sho wid yuh, buddie, hit hard till we win
" Hoboken or Heaven or Hell, ' toot sweet '! "

SAVING THE RAILHEAD

The night was clear on the battlefront, and the Ordnance Sergeant told
A ringing tale of the Moro Land and the fate of the Scout Patrol.

The wet dew fell on the powder shacks and the calm of
the world seemed laid
On the long, low piles of the H.E. shells where the R.H.
roads were spread.

The night was clear on the battlefront, and the Ordnance
Sergeant spun
A laughing yarn of the Cuban days with their work and
scrap and fun.
A shadow fell on the powder shacks and a faint throb
tuned the air
And the peaceful earth in a riot woke in the light of a
monster flare!

A distant drone, then a swelling scream, with a deep,
dull, sick'ning burst!
A powder shack in a blaze went up and the Ordnance
Sergeant cursed:
"Fall out the alarm! To your buckets, boys! On the
quick now! Sweet hell's bells!
It's little rest we will get this night if the fire tongues
reach those shells!"

A distant drone, then a swelling scream with a sharp,
bright, whistling burst!
Lone éclats whined o'er the R.H. shacks and the Ord-
nance Sergeant cursed:
"They've got our range with the Bertha, boys, and it's
nip and tuck tonight —
We'll all get blown to that Blighty Place if we don't
snuff out this light!"

The green tongues licked from the powder shack but the boys stood pail in hand,
And the eager sparks that were whipped around were soused with the waiting sand.
The Archies roared at the planes up there — the shrapnel whistled back,
And a long range shell with a scream came in to dud near the H.E. stack!

Some rookies edged to the sandbag walls, but the Ordnance Sergeant cried:
"We'll stick this post till the shells go up or the last damn spark has died!"
The boys plied water and sand and chem, till the last spark glowed a ghost,
And the clear night fell on ten dark forms who wouldn't desert their post.

The Berthas ceased as the light snuffed out, and they carried their dead away.
By the shells they'd saved the Sergeant knelt, and the H. E.'s heard him pray:
"For every boy who has died this night, go bring me a toll of ten
Who wrote these deeds on a peaceful world, God grant this prayer. Amen!"

THE DOUBLE-JOINTED DANE

History tells in happy lore
Of a one time gallant shore
Whence the Vikings came, the masters of the main.

Tho their strength since crumbled down
Where the men of earth are found
  There is always blue-eyed Norse or smiling Dane.

For the blood of Vikings runs
To the calling of the guns —
  To the love of fight and venture and romance.
And a double-jointed Dane
With a harvest colored mane
  Was the " Top " who ran our credits up in France.

He was father to his men,
And I've heard him time again
  Say he'd never have them wiped out by the Huns.
But we'd hardly hit the line
When we got our chance to shine
  By a pill-box undertaking minus guns.

It's a pretty deadly chance
When a pill-box starts to dance
  If you're less the friendly curtain of barrage.
So the double-jointed Dane
Shook his harvest colored mane,
And he crawled out 'fore the word was passed to charge.

We were creepy thru and thru,
And our yellow streaks were blue.
  Though we tried to grin, the little bumps would stay.
Then we heard the Maxims pop
As we scrambled o'er the top,
  But no pesky whiners seemed to come our way.

We expected men to fall,
But we heard no " whuts " at all,

And we heard no crumpled comrade groan with pain.
Then we saw the gallant trick: —
Where the pills were flying thick
There was no one charging onward but the Dane!

He had crawled out to the wire
And had drawn the Boches' fire
By a nervy charge alone up to their line!
He was swinging of his shanks
Like a regiment of tanks!
As a counterfeit offensive he was fine!

But the Heinies had his range —
And before they knew to change
We were on them spreading havoc left and right!
And for every pill they shot
At our Dane, you bet we got
Double toll of sneaking Boches trussed up tight!

Then we found him going back —
Though his life was pretty slack
(For they'd plugged him till his O. D.'s seemed in rags)
He'd the same old kiddish grin;
Said he'd meet us in Berlin;
Said we'd fought just like he knew we would, "be jags!"

He was buried where he fell,
Where he fought so wondrous well,
And he's fellow to the haunting battle ghost.
But we know he's happy there
Where the battle-beacons flare,
And he meets his one-time comrades on their posts.

In the darkest hours of night,
When the world is mad with fright,
  He is leading on his soldiers once again:
For we know his spirit asks
Every man to do his tasks,
  And our sector guards the sleeping of our Dane!

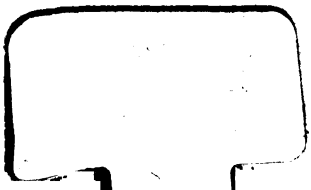
TAPS

The long, low hillsides grimly showing
  Above the valleys seared and white,
Where little campfires, ruddy glowing,
  Cheer out the agony of night.
The kindly snowflakes, softly falling,
  Have blanketed the Honor Nest,
And sweet the sleeptime bugle's calling
  Back There a weary world to rest.

How strange we dream of other "quarters"
  When taps' soft notes are sounding clear,
Beyond the restless, homing waters
  Where once the sleeptime claimed us dear.
Now strange these nights of red awaking
  These sleepless nights of thundering guns,
The peaceful valleys rudely quaking
  Before the onslaught of the Huns!

Where once we clustered, joking, singing,
  Around our cheery bivouac fires
Till taps sweet sleeptime's notes came bringing
  The restful dreams of filled desires.
Or else, with romance gaily roaming
  Where all was life, and life was love,

We heard the bugle's call to homing,
  Yet — who could ever, ever move?

But now, across the waking valleys
  Red rubies stain the drifted snow
And Fate, relentless, strikes and tallies
  Where peaceful notes were wont to blow.
Still — somewhere taps is sweetly blowing,
  And merry hearts are called to rest,
And we, thrice happy in the knowing,
  Can wake at taps to do our best!

THE END